

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Polo. Giue first admittance to th' embassadours,
My newes shall be the frute to that great feast,

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in,
He tells me my decree : Gertrud he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hasty mariage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sif him, welcome my good friends,
Say Voltamand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;

Apon our first, he sent out to supprese
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gaint the Pollacke,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnesse, whereat greeu'd
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortenbrasse, which he in breefe obeys,
Receiuers rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Uncle, neuer more
To giue th'affay of Armes against your Maiesy:
Whereon old Norway ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commission to employ those souldiers,
So leuied (as before) against the Pollacke,
With an entreaty herein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'll read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night wee'll seal together,
Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Polo. This busines is well ended,

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiesy should be, what duety is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
Therefore breuity is the soule of wit,
And tediousnes the limmes and outward florishes:
I will be breefe your noble sonne is mad :
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What ist but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe.

Queen. More matter with leſſe art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vſe no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis, tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That wee find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect
For this effect defective comes by cause :
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her duety and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and ſurmife,

To the Celestiall and my ſorles Idol, the moft beau-
tified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,
beautified is a vile phrase, but you ſhall heare : thus
in her excellent white bosome, theſe &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the ſtarres are fire, Letter.

Doubt that the Sunne doth moone,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to rec-
ken my groanes, but that I loue thee beſt, Oh moft beſt be-
lieue it! adew. Thine euermore moft deare Lady, whilſt this
machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhowne me, (Hamlet,
and more about hath his ſoliciting)

As

